A confiding Public is respectfully informed that a new and thrilling Romance, called

Woshy-Boshy; or the Prestidigitating Squaw of the Snakeheads.

A TALE OF THE INDIANS, By the author of THE FAIR INEZ,

Will be commenced in next week's VANITY FAIR.

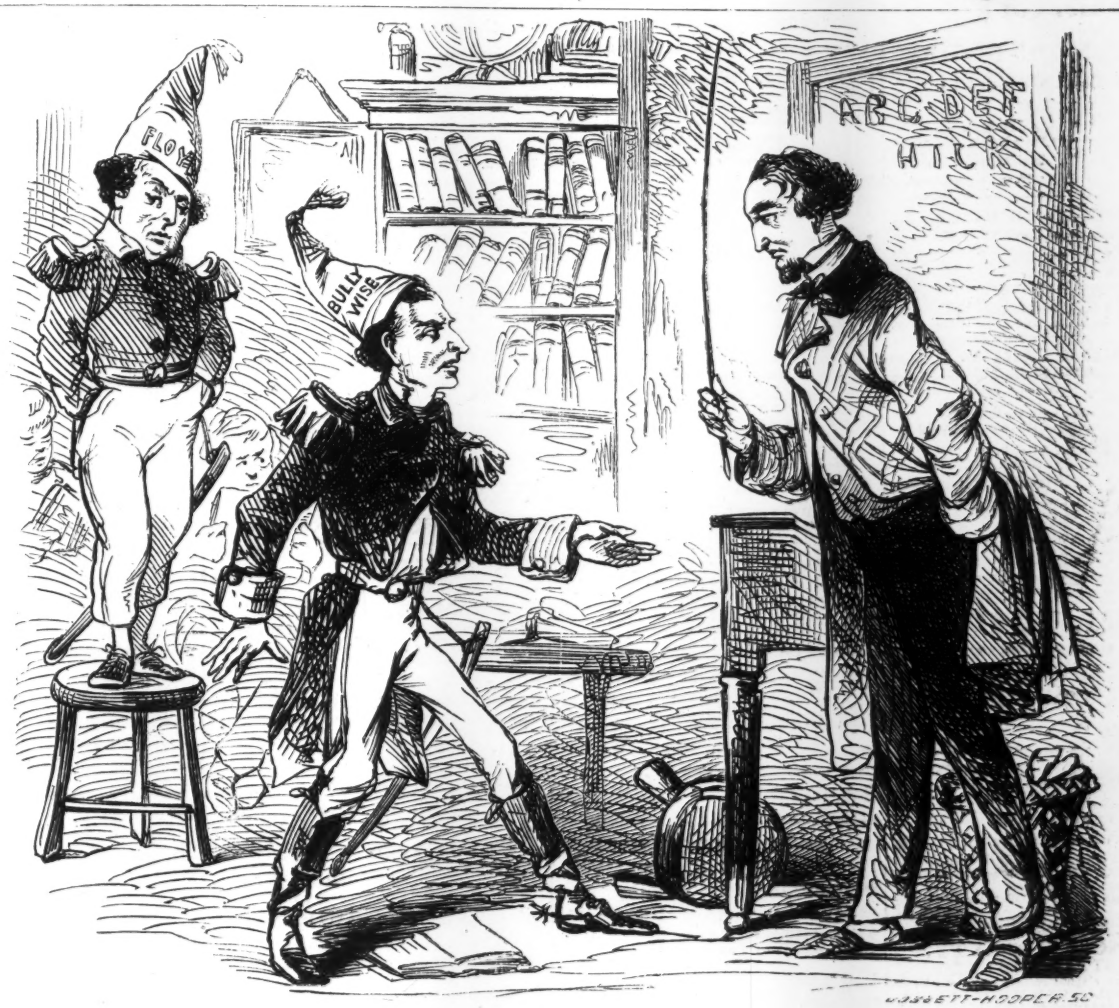
VOL. 4. NO. 96

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

OCTOBER 26,

1861.



SCHOOL OF THE C. S. A.

HENRY WISE AND JOHNNY FLOYD, TWO VERY BAD BOYS, ARE ABOUT TO BE PUNISHED FOR BLOWING THEIR LITTLE HORNS IN SCHOOL, WHILE THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN ATTENDING TO THEIR LESSONS.

PRICE THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1861, by LOUIS H. STEPHENS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

XUM

FINE CLOTHING

AT HALF PRICE.
THE
ELEGANT STOCK OF A BROKEN DOWN
BROADWAY HOUSE
IS
NOW
BEING SOLD
AT LESS THAN HALF PRICE,
66 & 68 At EVANS' and Fulton Street,

Between Gold and Cliff.

Fine French Cloth Frock Coats, lined with satin	$13 00
Fine French Cloth Frock Coats, lined with silk	10 00
Excellent black Cloth Frock Coats	6 00
Super black French Doeskin Pants	3 75
Beautiful fancy Silk Vests (an endless variety)	2 00
Rich black satin Vests	2 00
1,000 Fancy Cassimere Vests	1 00
Elegant blue Beaver Suits	10 00
&c &c &c &c &c &c	

ARTIFICIAL
Legs & Hands,
SELPHO'S
PATENT ELASTIC LEG AND HAND,
No. 516 BROADWAY, N. Y.

BUY ALL YOUR
FIDDLE-DE-DI-DOES
FOR HOUSEKEEPING,
AT
DELMAR'S,
706 Broadway,
Near Fourth street.

GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN AND OUR NEW

Union Prize Gift Packages are to be wondered at. Seventy-five cents worth of indispensable articles for twenty-five cents. Agents are making from $5 to $10 per day. Agents wanted, male and female, everywhere. Address, with stamp for circular, RICHARDS & Co., 102 Nassau street.

WARD & PARRY, PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS

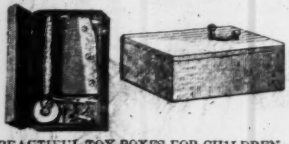
and Importers, (Successors to H. W. Derby,) 625 Broadway. Are selling their own Publications, together with all the current miscellaneous issues of the day at partly reduced prices.

They publish the following:

POPULAR BOOKS OF WIT AND HUMOR, The Widow Bedott Papers, 12mo., cloth	1 00 00
Mrs. Partington, by B. P. Shillaber	1 00 00
The Sparrowgrass Papers	1 00 00
Riley's Humors of the West	1 00 00
Brougham's Humorous Irish Stories	1 00 00
Miss Slimmens' Window	1 00 00
Prentice's Wit and Humor	1 00 00
Letters of Jack Downing, 12mo.	1 00 00
Jack Downing's Yankee Stories	1 00 00

GREAT MUSICAL BOX DEPOT.

M. J. PAILLARD, Importer, 21 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Has for sale the most extensive assortment in the country, at prices varying at Two to Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars, each playing 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16 and 24 airs.



BEAUTIFUL TOY BOXES FOR CHILDREN.
BOXES TO SUIT ALL AGES AND TASTES.
Call and examine them!
Fine Gold and Silver Watches Cheap for Cash.
MUSICAL BOXES REPAIRED.

PERSONAL BEAUTY.

HUNT'S "BLOOM OF ROSES," a rich and elegant color for the cheeks or lips. IT WILL NOT WASH OR RUB OFF, and when once applied remains durable for years. The tint is so rich and natural, that the closest scrutiny fails to detect its use. Can be removed by lemon juice, and will not injure the skin. This is a new preparation used by the celebrated Court Beauties of London and Paris. Mailed free, in bottles, with directions for use, for $1.

Address, HUNT & Co., Perfumers, 707 Sansom street, PHILADELPHIA.

FOR CONSIDERATION.
INFLUENZA CURED.

I had a violent influenza. I procured two of Allcock's Porous Plasters, so strongly recommended by the Hon. CARL SCHURZ. I also procured a box of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. I applied both plasters a little below each nipple, so that they partly covered the region of each lung. I also took seven of Brandreth's Pills; these greatly moderated the pain in my head. I took five the succeeding night; these nearly cured me. However, I took three the third night, which completed my recovery. The plasters I removed a few days after. I am satisfied the counter irritating and warming qualities of Allcock's Porous Plasters, for all affections of the chest and lungs, and Brandreth's Pills for a general medicine, have never been surpassed for usefulness. A. B.

The address of A. B. is at the office, 294 Canal street.

The following case of cure of paralysis of the legs, of seventeen years' duration, has not been published. Cases nearly as remarkable can be referred to in this city.

The power of Brandreth's Pills in restoring every organ to usefulness and health should rivet the attention of medical men to this wonderful medicine. Congress should pass a law obliging every man in the army and navy to have in his possession, ready for immediate use, a box of these pills. What a blessing they would have near them. Their health would be thus secured from numerous accidents. Remember they aid nature in her efforts of cure.

PARALYSIS OF THE LEGS, OF SEVENTEEN YEARS' DURATION CURED BY BRANDRETH'S PILLS ALONE.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman holding the office of Consul. The letter is on file at 294 Canal street. Ask for Consul Graham's letter to Dr Brandreth. He writes:

"Gen TORREANS has a brother over forty years of age whose legs have been paralyzed for seventeen years' so that he could not walk a step. He has tried all sorts of remedies and been under the care of various physicians, all of whom have pronounced his case incurable. I gave my friend a box of Branddreth's Vegetable Universal Pills, with the printed instructions; his brother took them: and was so pleased with the effect that he prevailed upon Messrs. Zimmerman & Frazer to let him have a few dozen boxes. He has now taken some thirty or forty boxes, and is so far recovered that he can walk with a cane, and has full faith that he will recover entirely. He is so enthusiastic in favor of the Pills that he has cut your likeness from some of the package labels, and has pasted it over his table, and frequently burns a candle before it (he is a Catholic,) and when his friends come in he points to it, saying: 'That is the true saint—my saint; all the rest value nothing in comparison.' This gentleman entirely recovered the use of his limbs, and is now one of the healthiest and soundest men in Buenos Ayres."

Sold at 294 Canal street,
And No. 4 Union Square, N. Y.

Price 25 cents per box, or six boxes for one dollar.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

HENRY A. BROWN, 35 Winter street, BOSTON, Mass., has just issued a first class Engraving, being a fac simile of the Renowned Original STUART'S WASHINGTON, at the Boston Athenæum. Says Hon. Edward Everett: "The engraving is executed in a very masterly style, and seems to me most faithfully to represent the noble original.

☞ Price on elegant paper, 50 cents; proofs $2 each. Sent rolled and prepaid anywhere.

PATENTS FOR NEW INVENTIONS.

Messrs. MUNN & CO., Proprietors of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, No. 37 Park Row, New York, continue to solicit Patents in the United States and in all foreign countries, on the most reasonable terms. Consultations and pamphlets of advice in English and German free on application to the office. Read what the

HON. JOSEPH HOLT,

the great patriot, says:—

MESSRS. MUNN & Co.:—It affords me much pleasure to bear testimony to the able and efficient manner in which you have discharged your duties of Solicitors of Patents while I had the honor of holding the office of Commissioner. Your business was very large, and you so conducted (and, I doubt not, justly deserved) the reputation of energy, marked ability, and uncompromising fidelity in performing your professional engagements. Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant, J. HOLT.

Messrs. MUNN & CO. have been engaged in soliciting Patents over sixteen years, and more than Fifteen Thousand Patents have been granted through their Agency. 3t

IMPROVED Gutta Percha CEMENT ROOFING

It is water-proof, and *Costs only about one-third as much as Tin,* AND IS TWICE AS DURABLE.

THE CHEAPEST and most DURABLE ROOFING in use. FIRE and WATER PROOF. Applied to New and Old Roofs of all kinds, and sent to all parts of the country with full directions for use. Send for a Circular

GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT ROOFING

JOHNS & CROSLEY, SOLE MANUFACTURERS. 78 WILLIAM ST., (COR. LIBERTY ST.), NEW YORK.

GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT, FOR preserving new and repairing LEAKY METAL ROOFS of every description; WILL NOT CRACK IN COLD OR RUN IN WARM WEATHER.

Agents Wanted. *Terms Cash!*

JOHNS & CROSLEY'S AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE, FOR CEMENTING WOOD, LEATHER, GLASS, IVORY, CHINA, MARBLE, PORCELAIN, ALABASTER, BONE, CORAL, &c., &c., the only article of the kind ever produced which will withstand water. Liberal terms to Wholesale dealers.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

JOHNS & CROSLEY, Sole Manufacturers,
Wholesale Warehouse, 78 William st., cor. Liberty.

OUR GREAT PREMIUM.

To any one sending us $9.00 for three subscriptions to VANITY FAIR for one year (or one subscription for three years) we will present a splendid copy of

WORCESTER'S ILLUSTRATED QUARTO DICTIONARY,

which is published at $7.50

Read the following notices of the work:

From the "Daily Picayune," New Orleans.

"In fine, we cannot but consider Worcester's new book as in itself the 'pride well of English undefiled,' while the streams that have for ages been flowing into it so copiously, enrich it and to receive from it richness, are so beautifully and clearly mapped out and delineated as at once to furnish entertainment and instruction to the reader."

From the "Mobile Daily Tribune."

"We make no doubt that the work will specially take its position as the recognized STANDARD of the English language of the nineteenth century, and have no hesitation in recommending it as not only a safe, complete, and reliable guide, but as the only such guide within our knowledge."

Address, LOUIS H. STEPHENS, Publisher for Proprietors of VANITY FAIR, 100 Nassau street, New York.

Advertising Rates of Vanity Fair.

Title Page, 50 cents per line, occupying the space across the page.

Title Page, $1.50 per line, across the page.

Second Page, 25 cents, wide column.

" " 10 cents, narrow column.

STACKHOUSE'S OLEATE OF ROSES.

A most superior and efficacious remedy for the prevention and cure of chapped lips and hands, and all inflamed and irritated surfaces. Ladies will find by its use that it will keep their lips and hands as soft as velvet. It heals like magic—say those who have used it. Prepared only by

DAVID L. STACKHOUSE,
Chemist and Druggist,
Handel and Haydn Hall,
8th and Green sts., PHILADELPHIA.

"The want of an authentic and thorough History of the Rebellion for present reference and future preservation, is the subject of general remark."—Rip Van Winkle.

The above want has been amply supplied for four months past by

PUTNAM'S RECORD OF THE REBELLION.

NOW READY.

4 Monthly Parts, - - - 50 cts. each.
17 Weekly Parts, - - - 10 cts. each.
and Illustrations, 30 cts.

The first volume will be ready October 1.

A suitable REWARD is offered for any DOCUMENT or any FACTS of importance, on either the Loyal or Secession side, which are

NOT CONTAINED IN THIS WORK.

G. P. PUTNAM, Publisher,
532 Broadway, N. Y.

Attention Soldiers!

PROTECT YOUR HEALTH. No sensible man will leave the city without a supply of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT for Wounds, Bruises, Sores, Fevers and Dysentery, these medicines are the best in the world. Every English and French Soldier uses them. Only 25 cents per Box or Pot.

A NEW LOCAL STORY

NOW READY IN
THE NEW YORK WEEKLY

(The best Story and Sketch paper published),

ENTITLED

THE DEFRAUDED HEIRESS;
Or, The Stepmother's Plot.

By James Reynolds, author of "The Stolen Bride," "Long Hank," and "Hermit of the Ottawa."

In "The Stolen Bride" and "Long Hank" and "Hermit of the Ottawa," Mr. Reynolds gave evidence of great vigor and power, and stamped himself as a romancer of no mean reputation; but in giving to the world "The Defrauded Heiress," he has placed himself in the front rank of the great writers of the day.

It is a story of life in a great city, founded on fact, and in it are brought to view all the lights and shades of society. Most people have but an imperfect idea of the snares and pitfalls set to entrap the unwary, not only in low life among the hovels of the poor, but among the wealthy and powerful and apparently respectable.

We think we may safely say that

THE DEFRAUDED HEIRESS

is the most powerfully-written romance which has been placed before the public for many years.

☞ Do not fail to read the opening chapters.

The NEW YORK WEEKLY is sold by all respectable News Agents in the United States. The price is FOUR CENTS, but in some cases, where Agents have to pay extra freight or postage, a higher price is necessarily charged. When there is a news Agent in the town, we desire our friends to get the WEEKLY through him. We do not wish to mail the paper except to places where there is no other means of getting it. When sent by mail the price will invariably be $2 a year, in advance. Subscriptions taken for three months. Two copies will be sent for a year for $3, four copies for $6, eight copies for $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs of ten, and send us $15 at one time, will be entitled to an extra copy for their trouble. The bills of all solvent banks will be taken at par for subscriptions. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents extra with every subscription, to prepay the American postage.

STREET & SMITH,
Editors and Proprietors,
11 Frankfort street, New York.

A PORTRAIT.

WILL THE LADY WHO WAS AT BRYANTS' MINSTRELS ON WEDNESDAY evening, and sat at the extreme left side of the house, and who noticed a gentleman with a friend, who showed her a card, favor him with her address. A valuable acquaintance will be the result. Address R S. B., box 4,159 Post Office.—*Herald's "Personals."*

"PARK BENJAKIN."

Ye who perpendicularly evolved into the compound fractions of the Present, retain yet a retro-reminiscence of the opaque and Cimmerian splendors of the altogether fumigated Past, and, while fondly folding to your fascinated bosoms the considerably corruscating gleams of the consequential Hereafter, are not deductively dead-headed as to the nebulous, dim-twinkling, and otherwise gorgeous lustres of the premisatorial Heretofore, close up your ears and eyes to the ineffectual syrens of Actuality and listen to a warble of "Benjakin," Bard of Oblivion!

That, Friends, is a reminiscence of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON. It's good, isn't it? So forcible and sonorous.

And now,—to come to the point,—the *Tribune* has found him. We record it with joy. The long-lost minstrel—the brother with the huckle-berry mark—

> The tuneful boy that erst entranced mankind
> And shed sweet slumber o'er the Lyceum halls,—

has turned up at last!

Park Benjakin lives!

O Grave, where is thy victory?

Lives, do we say? Aye—prances! careers! exultantly bounds and tempestuously gushes! It is a goodly sight. Genius so long on the halt, is once more "On The March."

Mummies—wheresoever decaying into brotherly dust—take courage! Lay down the cerements and assume the pen! "'Tis not too late to seek a newer *World*:" or, if it is, the *Tribune* still remains. Unswathe, therefore, and lustily sing! In joy of his martial notes we say it, emulate Benjakin! Let not Pre-Adamite Tupperman gorge himself with laurels, nor Antediluvian Gneel prostrate your rise! Go it, Mummies, go it!

Meanwhile, with love to Benjakin, be it our privilege, on that sublime model unearthed in the *Tribune*, thus to inform and congratulate the Muse:

> Huzzy, the tuneful bores are ready,—
> Their ink-horns full, themselves all tight,—
> Most valorous and most unsteady,
> And anxious, every one, to write!
>
> They beat their brains, themselves they bother,
> And what they want don't understand;
> But making an infernal pother,
> Are just a nuisance to the land.
>
> Though nothing calls them to be bleating,
> Like silly sheep, from East to West,
> They go it—and there's no retreating,
> Nor any hope of any rest.
>
> We have to bear, we have to listen,
> This patriotic Mother Goose;
> For while Rebellion's bayonets glisten
> Parnassian Bedlam is broke loose.
>
> The silly drivel nought can smother,
> Poetic dogs will have their lark;
> And Benjakin, like every other,
> Enjoy his sniffle and his bark.
>
> They come, O, muse, with doleful faces,
> By long experience skilled to bore,
> Resolved to babble commonplaces
> And be a nuisance evermore!

GARIBALDI.

It turns out that nobody at Washington ever thought of inviting GARIBALDI to this country. It appears, however, that a consul at some one-steed port, somewhere over the sea, took upon himself the responsibility of consulting GARIBALDI about it, and that JOSEPH said he had enough to attend to at home.

Considering the neatness and despatch with which they get up revolutions, volcanoes and those things, over there, we should think he had.

We admire GARIBALDI, but the fact is, we can run this war very well ourselves. If foreigners choose to come and help us, we will accept their services, as in the case of Mr. JOINVILLE'S sons, the noble Prince SLAM-SLAM (we believe that is his name,) and other royal dukes, counts and barons. But an undue importance has been given to this GARIBALDI matter. We have talked and printed so much about GARIBALDI that Foreign Powers will presently begin to think that we can't get along without GARIBALDI.

It is our impression that we had better look for Generals among our own people—which impression is materially strengthened by the fact that Sir BULWER LYTTON is permitted to tell the grasiers of Hertfordshire, without being derisively hooted for an absurd driveller, that the *command* of the American forces has been offered to GARIBALDI—which was a more "Strange Story" than the one now being published in *Harper's Weekly*.

"If the Cap fits," &c.

The rebel army is said to be very badly off for percussion caps—so much so, indeed, that the muskets down South are all suffering from Lockjaw, owing to their habit of lying about, half-cocked, without any caps on. Like master, like musket, say we, and echo promptly responds "That's so!" There is a mysterious fire-work shop, set down only as No. 160 Broadway, on which the detectives appear to be keeping a pretty sharp eye. Who keeps No 160 Broadway seems to be as much a problem as "What is it?" but the figure comes up every now and then in connection with contrabanditti and other outlaws; and when a case containing about a million or so of percussion caps is issued from the store in question, marked for Havana, it was natural and proper for the police to enquire whether the words "and a market" are not kept in mental reservation at No 160 Broadway—as they did. Our police are men of refined palates, and can tell whether a Havana is genuine or not at the first whiff.

Purely "Personal."

The following we take from the *Herald's* "Personals:

MOSES.—If you still have a thought for your poor victim return to her immediately, or let her know where you are. CELESTINA.

The reply to this agonizing appeal has been sent to this office. It runs as follows:

CELESTINA.—Can't come, but you will find me at the old place—in the bull-rushes. MOSES.

Slight Difference.

Some of the military advertisements strutting up and down Broadway, in gay and bran new regimentals, may look very war like, but they dont much seem to Like War.

MISSOURI.

THIS "department" must always be in some kind of hot water, we suppose. We have arrived at that conclusion; and it is pleasant to be able to "conclude" something about that department.

It appears that BLAIR, and BLAIR'S brother, and BLAIR'S father, and for aught we know BLAIR'S "aunt in the country," have formed a conspiracy to crush FREMONT, and that FREMONT is entirely blameless in the whole affair.

It also appears that FREMONT is fernenst all the BLAIRS, and has conducted himself ever since he took charge of the department in a very cranky and reprehensible manner, the BLAIRS having done nothing that was not strictly straight and proper.

In other words, both parties are entirely right, and both are radically wrong.

We get our information from "the papers."

Now, to make the department of Missouri still more lively and entertaining Generals LANE and STURGIS are at it.

Gen. LANE accuses Gen. STURGIS of hoisting in the attractive but delusive tod in injudicious quantities; and consequently LANE "refuses to obey orders."

Gen. STURGIS may take his tod, but he has certainly shown himself to be a good officer. Let LANE, who talks rather too much, make a similar exhibition of himself."

Finally let all the officers of the department of Missouri stop bothering the country with their private personal fights, about which the country don't care the wiggle of a brindle dog's tail, and turn their attention to General Price, and the general good.

A REBEL ACCOUNT.

The following letter, which came into our hands through a source which we forbear to disclose (probably for the reason that we know nothing about it), was evidently written for a Memphis daily paper. No other journals in the country can stand the same size and strength of expression, and we don't think there are any column-rules out of a Memphis printing-office that could contain the breadth of statement displayed by the writer of this true and reliable account of the fight on Santa Rosa Island.

. . . . We attacked old ABE LINCOLN'S myrmidons at about five o'clock in the morning. It was a complete rout; they fled into the water and up the beach toward Fort Pickens, leaving everything behind them. I picked up a hundred tents, eighty rounds of ammunition, two sides of fresh beef, a deck of cards, four hundred and sixty thousand dollars in gold, a rifled cannon and some silver spoons, with my own hands, beside helping to break into a sutler's tent. It was fun, you'd better believe. The federal minions advanced . . . at least twenty strong . . . and fired a volley at us from an open stretch of beach where they had concealed themselves. Our retreat was the most masterly thing I ever saw. We had but one regiment of Mississippians, two companies of a North Carolina and six of a South Carolina regiment, three halves of a Louisiana brigade, Major SWIPES' battery and Colonel WHISKEYPITCHER'S mounted regiment, but with this mere handful we executed a masterly evolution at double-quick, independent order, and soon put a mile of ground between us and the hirelings, who followed, yelling like devils and firing upon our rear, the cowardly dogs! The only thing that marred our success was that we were compelled to leave our arms, musical instruments, equipage, etc., behind, together with those of the federals. Unless somebody has carried them away, however, they are still there. We halted, after our victorious retreat, and the men, forming in scattered order, demanded to be taken over to the main land, to complete the conflict.

The federal minions were near our boats, however, and the officers in command did not think it best to approach, as they wished to prevent any unnecessary effusion of blood. Another body of Lincolnites came up at this moment, upon our plank . . . I should say a hundred of them, at the lowest estimate . . . and opened fire upon us. General SCOTT led them in person. We would have completely annihilated them, had not an unfortunate circumstance prevented. Colonel WHISKEYPITCHER'S mounted column retreated, instead of charging, and the rest of our forces fell back to the boats, hotly pursued by the mudsills. We opposed considerable resistance to them, however, and the slaughter among them must have been fearful. We only lost ninety men killed, a hundred and thirty wounded, and seventy odd, taken prisoners. I saw two federals wounded, myself, and there must have been more. No doubt, the mendacious journals of the North, knowbeaten by an abolition despotism, will call this a Union victory, but you may rely upon every word of my statement being Middlemitey's own truth.

IN REGARD TO GOING TO RICHMOND.

We begin to hear the old howl. It is "Onward to Richmond." Certain people, who ought to know better, are working themselves into an unseemly state of impatience over what they regard as an unnecessary delay.

When some of us supposed that our march into the heart of the enemy's country was merely a pleasant summer excursion, this sort of thing was tolerable. It will not do now, however. Even GREELEY, who was very much on the Rampage about this business, now sees that it will not do. We are at war with a desperate and an able-generalled foe. We suspect, also, that they are not exactly starving for the want of beef and bread, and we likewise entertain doubts as to their being precisely naked.

We started for Richmond once, you know, but somehow we didn't get there. Perhaps the most graceful way we can put it, is to state that we encountered an Impediment.

McCLELLAN, believe us, is determined to encounter no similar impediment. He will move at the proper time, and move to some purpose. He is sleepless in his vigilance, and we fancy he knows what he is about. And inasmuch as we can't all go down and manage his business for him on the spot, let us suffer him to do about as he pleases in the matter of an advance. Being there in person, and rather more inside the ropes than we are here in New York, perhaps this favor is due to him.

In short, don't move, MAC., till you are Ready!

WHAT QUID THINKS.

QUID has just been along the Potomac, taking Washington on the way. He has seen the men, the wagons and the horses. Like RUSSELL, he thinks the horses and the carts to be good, but the men to be somewhat better. Yet he has not always been quite sure about this. When, for example, he saw a thousand horses tied in a line, with no room to lie down for days together, and the weaker ones kept back from their fodder by the stronger until they fell and choked, or died of starvation, he doubted as to the men. And so of the mules and their horrid neglect and abuse. "Am I not an ass and a brother?" is a question which WENDELL PHILLIPS might put to some advantage, down there. QUID is not one of the Sanitary Commission; but he would like to be, or to be at least Master of the Horse, of U. S., for about a week, for the sake merely of promoting equine equity. If that windy individual, Dr. BELLOWS, were to blow a little against the sixty thousand chargers in the service of Uncle SAM, half of them would fall down like the walls of Jericho. Look to it, ye who hold the purse-strings of the nation; look to it, and—hold up your horses!

The best way to compliment an Officer.

Give him his complement of men.

Music for Organ grinders.

Works of HAND-EL:

How to take doubtful Musk-Melons.

Cum grano salis.

HARDEE MADE EASY.

THE first mention of artillery in ancient writings is to be found in HOMER, who, in his clever articles about the siege of Troy, alludes to the circumstance of a shell having been thrown into that city. The shell may be described as a hollow missile, charged with explosive materials; and such, in the strictest sense, was the famous Trojan Horse. "It is a mere shell," said the polyphlosboyish THALASSES, tapping it playfully upon the resonant ribs with the hilt of his hackbut. "Yes, but a shell doth oft contain a yolk," replied young ASTYANAX the Hope of Troy, with precocious wit: and at that moment the shell burst, and all Troy was under the yoke before order could be restored by its panic-stricken brigadiers.

The eccentric CHALCEDON, author of "A Biblical Survey of Words," published in the middle of the dark ages, argues the poverty of the ancient Greek language on the grounds that it does not contain a word for artillery. Had CHALCEDON lived a few ages earlier, however, and seen the Greek fire, he would probably have said, with the Mantuan Bard, "*hos ego versiculos feci*, which is the first instance, in any book, of a person being addressed by the familiar epithet "hoss," now so much in use among our young men of the Bowery conviction, and contains, besides, presumptive evidence that horse-artillery was not unknown at least so early as the days of VIRGIL.

To the catapult of ancient times may clearly be traced the idea of our modern cannon, which, indeed, it resembled very closely, with the trifling exception that it worked with a kind of pump-handle instead of gunpowder, and was loaded with large stones on a principle similar to that of a modern quarryman's cart. The catapult was invented by the pious yet convivial Roman emperor NERO, and was first used by him in his favorite sport of shooting cats from the house-tops, from which circumstance it derives its name. On the memorable night when that great man gave a Paganini entertainment upon the roof of his house, while Rome was burning, the violin upon which he performed was strung with the viscera of the animals thus destroyed by him.

The invention of gunpowder threw a great number of catapulters out of employment, and this was the first occasion of workmen going upon a "strike." "Strike, but hear me," exclaimed the noblest Roman of them all, addressing his fellows mechanic from the top of a flour barrel: thus the word "strike" became familiar in one of its well-known applications.

It is to accident that an ungrateful world owes the discovery of that wonderful explosive, gunpowder. Three men fell out among themselves and into a deep and dry well upon the verge of which they fought. They were, respectively, a saltpetre boiler, a charcoal burner and a sulphur grinder. On being taken from the bottom of the shaft, which was eighty feet deep, they were dead and very much disfigured. The coroner's jury returned a verdict, accordingly; and this suggested to a speculative druggist, who helped to sit upon the remains, the idea of gunpowder.

How bitter the Truth that boarded and lodged in the bottom of that well!

A Capital Suggestion.

The Richmond Rebel Examiner says:

"Our true policy of defence lies in a vigorous push for the banks of the Ohio."

"Banks of Ohio" we suppose that the man meant; and if so, FLOYD is the general for the expedition.

One Price.

The thieves who rifled Lexington, Mo., went there without money. Why didn't they come away without PRICE?

A SPINDLE-SONG, FOR YE BOLD BRITON.

I.

Some think it is Law that rules our land;
Law, and the popular British will;
But I know better; I understand
How the Cotton-King holds the upper hand,
For his Spindles are standing still!

II.

You may talk of the Sceptre and the Crown,
You may prate of Government as you will;
But Buckingham Palace must knuckle down
To the Spindle-sceptres of Manchester town,
And they must not long stand still!

III.

I know that the Rebels are knaves accurst;
I know their success would surely kill
The spirit of Right that should ever stand first
. . . Would ruin the Best and foster the Worst . . .
But . . . our Spindles are standing still!

IV.

I feel that the Slavish cause should fall;
That Freedom should sit on every hill;
That the sun of Truth should shine for all
(So we preach, at least, in Exeter Hall);
But . . . our Spindles must not stand still!

V.

I know the Right as well as can be,
Yet pray, how can we its terms fulfill,
How speak out honest, earnest, and free
In the name of Justice and Liberty,
When our Spindles are standing still!

VI.

So now, though I blush when I think how mean
Is the race that is ruled by the Cotton Mill,
From the lowest up to our gracious Queen,
We must wink at Secession . . . that beast unclean!
Till our Spindles no more stand still!

HIGHLY IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Vanity Faiah.

DEAH SAH:—Aw undahstand that you aw quite a funny fellah. Aw wish, ma deah sah, that you would make fun of the present wa. It's a great baw, 'shure you, and annoys ma exceedinglah. I'm quite pwostwated bah it. Listen to a wecital of mah wongs. Last wintaw aw had a bwilliant ideah. Something that was going to make a sensation in Bwoadway. Aw intended to come out in a black fwock coat and *wed twousahs!* The wed twousah has never been done, you know. Aw counted upon a gwand success. But the wa has spoiled all. If aw appeared in wed twousahs now, aw should be taken for a Zouawve. Dem Zouawves! Pitch into those low persons, if you please, Mr. FAIAH,

And oblige your heart-bwoken,
ADOLPHUS HEAVISWELL.

Cum Grano.

The exceedingly apocryphal account sent by GREYTOWN HOLLINS of his deed of impetuous daring off New Orleans, last week, contained this phrase:

"I captured a prize from them, (the Federalists,) and, after they were in the sand, peppered them well."

In view of the extraordinary ability of Mr. GREYTOWN HOLLINS as a liar, V. F. suggests that the last part of his statement as well as the first should only be received with A Grain of Salt.

Don't believe it!

In allusion to a custom which he found so much fault with when here, Mr. DICKENS, it is said, contemplated calling the American edition of his last work "Great Expectorations."

"The Maddening Bowl."

A "round-hander from one of the All England Eleven."

"THE AMERICANS ARE A RESTLESS RACE."
Correspondent London Paper.

Berdan Recruit.—"SHOOT FROM A REST?—NARY A REST! YOU JUST STAND OFF THERE, ABOUT FORTY ROD, AND SEE EF I DON'T CUT THE ASHES OFF YOUR CIGAR, EVERY TIME, OFF HAND!"

HOW IT SHOULD BE RATED.

Areated bread is getting to be the proper thing, now, and it is a good thing, too, as we can bear testimony. But we hope people will not rush blindly into wild fits about it. Because bread happens to be areated, that is no reason why it should be over-rated.

A Cockney person, who frequents beer-houses, has been heard to allude to it as "hairated" bread; but, in our opinion, there is no good reason why it should be aspirated.

For ourselves, we should be content to see it classed as A No. 1; and we think that both the patentees and the public would be well satisfied to see it thus A-rated.

MEN AND NATURE.

As JOHN and TOM walked out, one morn
Beneath the sky of sapphire blue,
They noticed that the tasseled corn
Was glistening wet with dew.

"How sweet is nature," then said JOHN;
"How much more beautiful than Man,
Who soils what e'er he labors on
And mars the fairest plan!"

Then TOM: "another difference yet
'Twixt Man and Nature I espy;
Nature, each morn, is awful wet,
And Man is awful Dry!"

A Regiment of Landlords.

X. thinks a regiment of Mounted Hotel-Keepers would be very efficient . . . they're so fierce in their Charges!

Moral Query.

Does playing Old Sledge lead to Forgery

A Drug in the Market.

The Medical Bureau at Washington.

NOTHING THE MATTER WITH SEWARD.

In view of the arrival of British troops upon the Canadian frontier, we must regard Mr. SEWARD's late Circular as a very neat thing. As in the case of hashed fish at the eating houses, it was "called for."

You may not expect to find an ancient weasel in a state of somnolency.

The Secretary of State, while apparently scouting the idea of a war with England, is still evidently inclined to think this sudden bristling of bayonets along the frontier of Canada may mean something. It may not; but the sagacious mariner is ever on the look-out for squalls. And hence we commend the Secretary of State for his late action in this matter, and would like to know if JOHN BULL sees any thing green in W. H. SEWARD's eye?

THE ELECTION.

The prospects as to the Fall Election in New York are uncommonly bright. The pleasing tints of rowdyism and corruption are not to be removed from the picture of our city politics. The venal judge is not to be denied us. The cock-fighting Alderman does not retire into private life and become a publican. And as for the Legislator of the itching-palm, he dwelleth with us alway.

The mild agrarian *Tribune* pretends to deplore this state of things. Isn't the *Tribune* aware of the fact that New York couldn't possibly get on without its rascals? In Rascals we live and move and have our being. We have fresh rascals at our every breakfast, rascals *rechauffés* for lunch, and rascals cold grace the banquet board at dinner. Rascals have so wormed themselves into every department of our city government that if now suddenly withdrawn at the instigation of a harsh and unfeeling *Tribune*, the whole structure would crumble and collapse. Why, then, wrest from us our sweet-scented scoundrel and banish the burglar with a regular salary?

The eel is said to have accustomed itself to the little process of being skinned. The tax-payers of New York resemble it in that particular. (We might have made a conundrum of that, but we forbore.) The tax-payers in question go further than the eel. They insist upon being skinned. Who would deny them the sweet privilege? Skin 'em!

The *Tribune* argues that the scamps will get into office this year as usual on account of the number and diversity of tickets in the field. We should be glad to think so. But what are the facts in the case? We have simply a People's Union, a Republican Union, a Tammany, a Mozart, a CROOK & DUFF'S, an Astor House, a St. Nicholas, a Metropolitan, an Everett House, a Fifth Avenue, a Maison Dorée, and a Shrewsbury Oyster House nomination? Do these represent the voice of the people, we should like to know. Are the interests of the Concert Saloons, of Big CHARLEY and of PETE WILLIAMS to be neglected? Forbid it! The more parties the merrier. The fact that the country is going through the sharpest crisis of its history has nothing to do with New York politicians. The fact that this is an hour when we should be more united than ever for the common weal, can have no effect at all upon the elections of November. So bring on a few more parties, and go it, my cherubs!

Lying.

The papers are constantly stating that BEAUREGARD, with his forces, is lying in such and such a place. In the name of veracity, can any one tell VANITY FAIR where it is that BEAUREGARD does *not* lie?

John Bull, Ahoy!

Keep your eye to SE-WARD.

UNCLE TOBY AND THE WIDOW WADMAN.

THE CHARACTERS BY JOHN BULL AND WM. H. SEWARD.

Widow.—Do look into it—it is not in the white; tell me, do you think you see anything Green.

"NAPOLEON THE GREAT."

Poor TOM THUMB! we thought he had done everything that a man of his size could do, to belittle the great NAPOLEON. We have seen him strut his little hour on his little table, fold his little arms across his little chest, fumble his little hands upon the little small of his little back, and fume his little fret upon an imaginary boulder by the melancholy beach of a supposed St. Helena, and yet, we came away from the charming exhibition without the least impression that NAPOLEON wasn't a bigger man than TOM THUMB. The great "uncle of his nephew" still came up to us in our mind's lorgnette, a grand, statuesque figure, "silent upon a peak" at St. Helena.

To a man of infinitely greater physical proportions than General TOM THUMB, to Mr. CHARLES KEMBLE MASON, in fact, has been reserved the delighful task of daubing that grand, statuesque figure into a vile, wax-work caricature, only comparable to the gibbering BONAPARTE that figures amid the waxen atrocities upon the altar of BARNUM.

The first frost of the season—the October snap—nipped in the bud, at the "Winter Garden," on Monday evening last, the "entire New Drama, entitled NAPOLEON the Great Exile of St. Helena." So it ran in the bills, with a disregard of punctuation very favorable to the public mind, which began the exercises of the evening by falling into a pleasing muddle with regard to the application of the epithet "great."

Somewhere, before—was it in dream, when the nightmare, "with her nine farrow," loped around?—we have seen, or read, or heard talk of this "entire new drama." That it is a resurrection we are well aware; and Mr. C. K. MASON is the body-snatcher by whom the "dem'd unpleasant corpse" has been brought up for dissection.

And to dissect it the audience appeared right savagely inclined—for didn't most of them Cut Away as hard as they could before the curtain was well down upon the second act?

Biographers whose data we cannot dispute, inform us how the hard rock of St. Helena—rock us not to rest with rocks like that!—echoed hourly to the impatient stamp of the caged Emperor. The BOSWELLS of the BONAPARTE have chronicled with minute fidelity the passionate bursts of shackled ambition continually displayed by the failing exile; his petulant snubs of the people about him; the reckless perseverance with which he conveyed snuff from his waistcoat pocket to his nose; his natural snaps at the legs of his unhappy gaoler, "Sir LOWE," whenever that functionary crossed his path. Everything, in fact, which could tend to place a diminished head upon the mighty shoulders of the first NAPOLEON is to be found in books.

And was there nothing else to be found in books about the first NAPOLEON, that the dramatist worked out a character for him upon such materials? Evidently *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* is no motto of that maker of character pieces. By Mr. C. K. MASON, as the resurrectionist, it should be better respected, with *bonum* spelt in a way disregardful of Latinity, however, and allusive to disinterment in the dead of the night.

Too much praise cannot be accorded to Mr. C. K. MASON for the able manner in which he seconded the dramatist by upsetting everybody's conception that NAPOLEON ever could have been great. Physically, Mr. C. K. MASON is enough for NAPOLEON, and more too. He is of larger stature than NAPOLEON. The *Petit Caporal* might have been somewhere between Mr. C. K. MASON and TOM THUMB—worse luck for his character, which has been dwarfed by both.

Chaos must be a flower garden compared to the state of our mind regarding the first NAPOLEON when we saw him at the Winter Garden. The little stamp of Mr. C. K. MASON upon the wooden rock by the melancholy surf of St. Helena, has diminished for us, and forever, the great stamp impressed by the dead Emperor upon the soil of France.

Not reconciled were we even by the blandishments of that charming person *Sir Hudson Lowe*, as depicted with all his sins upon him by Mr. MORRIS: nor were our spirits to be cheated into lightness even by constant reference to the tremendous cocked-hat, or peacocked-hat, rather, of Mr. C. BARTON HILL as *Marshal Bertrand*; nor yet by the consideration that *Marshal* was spelt with two *ls* in the bill of the play.

Alas! poor NAPOLEON!

Alas! poor TOM THUMB.

JOINVILLE ought to have been "there to see."

An Error Corrected.

The Rebel leaders are often alluded to as though they belonged to a certain notoriously warm region. This seems to us to be a mistake, as it has been repeatedly proved that they can't Stand Fire.

THE RHYME OF THE ROCKING-HORSE.

[SUGGESTED BY A FAMILIAR SCENE IN BROADWAY.]

I.

In the window I sit, as the crowd goes by,
With never a thought for me;
And I think as we gallop—my horse and I,
It's a curious sight to see.

II.

All day long we are galloping fast,
My prancing steed and I;
While the shadowy crowd is flitting past,
Guessing the reason why?

III.

I have company here, who ride with me,
Other girls and boys;
Who gaze like me on the human sea,
And listen with me to its noise.

IV.

We all of us ride our prancing steeds
Up and down through the air;
And we seem to be aping the wonderful deeds,
Of knights and ladies fair.

V.

Silent we sit—riding away,
Intent on the work we do;
It seems like play, but every day
Makes it a labor too.

VI.

We have curious thoughts of our own, for we think
That all the world at our feet;
Is but the chain, of which we are a link;
Each striving to keep his seat.

VII.

Day after day, on the crowded Broadway,
We see the same faces go by;
It seems to be only a grander play
Than this of my horse and I.

VIII.

Down in the morning the people fly,
And up again at night;
The same, same gallop, my horse and I,
The same mechanical flight.

IX.

We gallop, we canter, but never a stride,
Do I and my horse advance;
As the people I see, rush side by side,
In an endless mazy dance.

X.

Forward and back, now up, now down,
In the regular rocking-horse style;
Through the crowded streets of the mammoth towns
But never advancing a mile.

XI.

Gee up! my pony! for you and I
Like the rest of the world, must go
Till death on his pale horse galloping by,
Shall stop our ride with a "Whoa!"

XII.

Gee up! Old Horse! there are many beside,
On this terrestrial ball;
Who find that the "hobby" they try to ride,
Is a rocking-horse after all.

Religious.

What should the Churches do in the present crisis?
Present Alms.

BAD FOR THE LAWYERS.

Joe.—SAM, HOW'S BIZ? ANYTHING STIRRING IN THE LAW LINE?
Sam.—VERY QUIET, VERY QUIET INDEED.
Joe.—WHY THEN, PEOPLE HAVE REALLY STOPPED QUARRELLING, AND [illegible]NE TO FIGHTING.

Something new about Cotton.

A letter from an American missionary, long resident at Bombay, gives some interesting facts respecting the efforts making to cultivate cotton in that country. So weary are we of the very word cotton, that it was refreshing to us to find a new term of application to it, in the letter of that good missionary. He says: "I saw an order last week, from an American merchant in Bombay to a native friend here, offering to pay him at certain rates for two thousand candies of cotton." It strikes us that there is something very sweet in the expression "Candies of cotton;" and we have no doubt that JOHN BULL is looking forward to having a very good time of it, if he only gets a chance of mixing up that kind of Sugar with his Cotton Gin.

The Skeleton in John Bull's Closet.

Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON ZANONI has done it. Sir EDWARD has opened the door of JOHN BULL'S closet and displayed the skeleton not only to his constituents of Hertfordshire, but to the world. We congratulate Sir EDWARD that he has at last left the domain of fiction and entered into that of fact.

By a Patriotic Architect.

Why was Missouri during Gen. PRICE'S retreat, like the church of St. Peter, at Rome?

Because it had a Great Nave Running Through It!

By a Cardomaniac.

Why are those who haunt gardens and things, like good Euchre-players?

Because they Keep Shady where the Bowers are!

ABOUT HYGIENE.

Among the Big Things that VANITY FAIR has encountered in his wanderings about Washington, is the Sanitary Commission. If he has not seen the party in the body he has got upon his tracks and much has he admired them.

They are the footsteps of One, at least, of the guardian angels which are now striving with heaven-born strength in the form of weak humanity for the salvation of the people.

And V. F. wonders more even than it did when it knew little or nothing of the tremendous work which has thus been done. He wonders, now, at the frightful suffering and danger which our brave men have so narrowly escaped, under the sheltering arm of a Volunteer Philanthropy, untrammelled by authority, and guided by a skill and ever-thoughtful energy not born of a bureau.

Formerly, he wondered what the business of a Sanitary Commission could be that was not more imperatively the business of some portion, new or old, of the regular medical staff.

Then VANITY FAIR was green. He had not seen behind the old baize curtain, or snuffed the precious dust of fifty years' experience.

His eyes are open wider now, but still he wonders—and you must not stifle him with new-fangled reports and resolutions, or surfeit him with a diet of innumerable sanitary documents, should he trouble you with sundry questions. The "documents" are nicely printed and set in order prim, but they are too many for VANITY FAIR.

He never could digest those papers, in spite of the good cooking that is in them; for he feels already that the little learning he has gained from them is a very dangerous thing. His bowels are yearning for relief. Then blow, ye bellows, blow, and crack your cheeks! Your trumpet is a big one; let it not give uncertain sounds!

N. B.—The Bellows Sanitary Commission says that its object is "To aid the Medical Bureau without displacing it, or in any manner infringing upon its rights and duties." Will President Blowpipe tell us how many hundred of the Duties of the Medical Bureau his commission can perform without infringing on them? And how many fancied Rights of a venerable piece of cabinet furniture may involve the wrongs of our defenders whom it is their office to protect? In a word, IF THE BUREAU IS TO STAND, CAN'T YOU PUT A SECRETARY ON IT, AND CLEAR THE DRAWERS OF RUBBISH?

Take care, O Boreas! lest thy Sanitary Com-mission become Insanitary, and pervert its only true-mission by a vain and weak o-mission.

Snuff out the Tapers!

Newspaper paragraphs inform us that the hospitals at Cincinnati are crowded with sick soldiers, for whose wants the medical attendance is inadequate; and that, nevertheless, the Army Surgeon who presides there declines to accept offers of gratuitous service tendered by several medical practitioners of that city, because such a proceeding would be "irregular."

With reference to the above, a well-known physician and surgeon has just furnished us with his opinion, gratis, that Red Tape is about the very worst material out of which to make bandages for wounds and fractures.

To Exterminate Rabbits.

Advices from Darnestown state that RABBIT, the man who sold liquor to the Fifth Connecticut Regiment, has been arrested. Considering that five barrels of bad whiskey were found on this person's premises, we do not wonder when we are told that "the result of his act has made a deep impression on his mind." *Delirium Tremens* is always an impressive sight. If there are any more such Rabbits on the loose, let us suggest that they be handed over to M. HERRMANN the Prestidigitateur, who would, perhaps, be good enough to roll them into one, so that they may be put out of the way easily, and without any heavy expense.

"Panic Music."

The above heading is taken from an advertisement issued by a music publisher of this city. We hope his stock in trade does not include marches for our troops.

OPERATIC.

Il Ballo in Maschera.

LIKE an unsuccessful but fascinated gambler, Mr. B. Ullmann is ever anxious to hazard another die. For the opera Mr. Ullmann will sacrifice everything, in hopes that a remorseless public will one day be induced to relent, and give their harmonies its much needed support.

Every body knows that the opera never made money for its managers in New York—nobody expects that it ever will—consequently any manager is justified in having the opera solely for his own personal amusement and instruction, and in closing the doors of the Academy to the ungenerous public. Mr. Ullmann, however, does not appear to be a man of this kind; no. Notwithstanding losses too numerous to mention—losses that would make an alms-house inmate demoniacal—losses to which that of appetite or friends is as nought—notwithstanding this, this quiet, persevering manager puts himself upon his favorite pedestal again to be ruthlessly knocked down by that monster, the Dead-Headed Public. And this, too, he demands as a benefit to himself—and after New York has floored him, he begs Brooklyn to hit him below the belt, and Philadelphia to close his peepers. Curious Ullmann! Next winter he will be on hand again—and next Fall—and the next—and the next—and so on. Well! enough of this; let us get on to the performance of the opera itself.

The Masked Ball was reproduced here and in Brooklyn last week, and is now working about Philadelphia, *vice* the hippopotamus, recalled to the Metropolis.

The "Ball" has often been criticised, and considerably, but, so far as V. F. is informed, never correctly. V. F. proposes to touch it up a little, in hopes Verdi may see what he ought to have done and ought not to have done.

The "Ballo in Maschera" is full of mistakes and mistaken female chorus-singers. The male chorus singers are less winsome—even if they do sing for nothing. Besides, in Boston they don't have them—referring to Masked Balls—except on the sly, and the First Men never attend them with their wives. Of course this is bad for Verdi, but then truth is more or less mighty, and occasionally prevails. The "Ballo" appears to be "Trovatore" continued in our next, with a few drippings from "Ernani," "Traviata," and the "Vespers." The first time you hear it it sounds as though all these favorites were being sung at the same time, but after you have heard it frequently it begins to sound more like the "Ballo" than anything else. Jules Janin has said it is the most melodious of the manufacturer's compositions—and, as Mr. Janin probably knows, it will not do for an American like us to say that it is not. It is a great deal longer than the Seven Sons, and its moral atmosphere is less murky—it is hardly so terse as the King of the Mountains, but the ventilation of the house is quite superior.

In the third act the gas is finely turned on, and the music clearly expresses the occurrence of this circumstance. Most of the puns and local hits are good. The orchestra keeps going very well, and the prompter assists the solos materially. Perhaps the prompter is better up in his part than any one on the stage. The scenery represents Boston on the last of nine rainy days—then there is also a view of the country seat of the sole surviving relict of the prestidigitateur of the Period—which looks as if the landlord rented it cheap and didn't mean to keep it in repair. The Ball takes place in Beacon street, children under twelve half price. Miss Hinkley "makes up" to a young man, and as a young man—which is a mistake on her part, or in it. But she dances very skippy, and appears to enjoy the Ball more than any one else.

Brignoli is as much on them as ever—we mean his legs. They are a fine pair, and he ought to be proud of them. Undoubtedly they will carry him through Paris, even if his voice should not. Verdi makes him bla—bla! a little too much in one place and not enough in another, and moreover keeps him standing nearly all the time.

There is a great deal of music about the opera, but the people don't want it particularly. Burlesque suits them better just now—so we think it would be well for Verdi to write a nine act Burlesque Opera, with Above and Below scenes, and prize-fighters. This would take, may be—may be it wouldn't, though. If so it could be toned down, like the Seven Sons. The "Ballo" will shortly be admitted to the street fiddle-boxes.

AID, IF NOT COMFORT.

Colonel Ellis, of the confederate army, ought to be a happy man. The partner of his bosom, Mrs. Ellis, is not only a trooper in the First Missouri Cavalry, but likewise holds the active staff appointment of aid—if not comfort—to her husband. Here is a colored photograph of her, as she appeared on a little ride of forty-five miles from Tipton:

"Quite a sensation was created in Jefferson City on the evening of the 9th inst, by the arrival of Mrs. Colonel Ellis, from Tipton, bearer of despatches from General Hunter and Colonel Ellis. She was dressed in a semi-military riding habit and hat, with a crimson sash thrown around the left shoulder, as an officer of the day, mounted on a splendid charger, and attended by two orderlies."

There!—we should say that "Venus on the half shell," would be nothing compared with "Mrs. Ellis, officer of the day, on a Charger."

Doubtless, Mrs. Ellis, A. D. C. is a very charming person. But we men (not *wimmen* observe) have vulgar minds: and some of us will think that there is a suggestion of male muscularity in the name of the place from which the lady galloped forty-five miles, and that she need not be surprised if impudent people will sometimes talk of her as the "Tipton Slasher."

Notice to Distant Contributors.

Contributors from places biblically christened, or from Foreign Parts, are most respectfully solicited not to trouble the Post Office Department with communications intended for this Office and containing quips, quirks, jests, puns, conundrums, riddles, guesses, jeux d'esprit, mots, flings, one line sarcasms, laugh-makers, Millerisms, retorts, and dislocated humor generally upon Jeff. Davis, Beauregard, American Eagles, Uncle Abe, Rail-Splitter, Wm. H. Russell, *N. Y. Ledger*, and What-is-it?

All such matter could be more profitably disposed of by addressing "Augustus, Evening Post Office."

MARRIED.

Bellows—Pyne.—At—on the—of—by Rev. Wm. H. Locke, Albert S. Bellows to Mary E., daughter of Robert S. Pyne Esq, all of———.

'Twixt the wind and the forest, for ages, a feud
Existed, which seemed all good will to preclude;
But here we have *Locked* in a union divine,
To *Borean* Bellows, *Arborean* Pyne:
And we trust the united forever will hitch,
Though the proverb advises us not to touch *pitch*,
And as onward ye pass through life's weals and life's woes,
Oh! Pyne! never challenge your Bellows to blows.

Flute notes from a Clara-net.

Miss Kellogg in "Un Ballo in Maschera."

What the Rebels on the Potomac would like to give us.

A Roland for our Bolivar.

Legal Transmigration.

No Lawyer is worthy his food without he is fee'd.